The Ex-Poseur

Featured This Issue: Back to the New Age!

Dear Ex-Poseur 'Zine,
I tried reading your publication, but it gave me a case of eye-rolling-induced vertigo.
-Charlie Callas

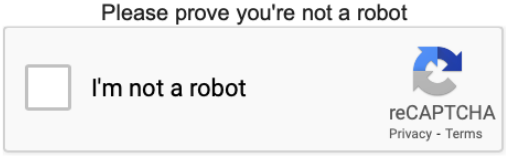
Dear Ex-Poseur 'Zine,
Your pretentiousness is so intense, I half-expect each issue to come with a tiny monocle and a beret!
-Paris Hilton

Dear Ex-Poseur 'Zine
Your publication, while replete with grand concepts, engenders an entangled perception, akin to navigating the intricate facets of architectural edification, prompting a quasi-requirement of scholastic comprehension.
Lost in the design,
-R.Buckminster Fuller

Dear Ex-Poseur,
I have secret information that your zine is the key to uncovering the greatest conspiracy of our time.
Trust the plan.
-Q

Editor's note - Last issue many readers complained that my column was completely nonsensical. Well, I have news for them... this one won't make any sense either.

After years of five-star ratings, my zine suddenly drops to a zero-star rating from haters!
And by haters, I mean...
....my wife and kids.
They didn't like the language or the subject matter or the fact that I used their real identities in one of the stories last issue. Oh well, can't please everyone.



PROOF I AM NOT A ROBOT:

-just give me a complicated math problem, and I'll panic like a human

-I can't even figure out how to change the printer ink

-my emotional programming is way too glitchy

-I'd never wear metal; it clashes with my sparkly personality!

This Month's Puzzle: The Politician Problem

A certain legislative chamber has 100 politicians.

Each politician is either sane or an unhinged conspiracy theorist.

Given these two facts...
1) At least one of the politicians is sane
2) Given any two of the politicians, at least one of the two is a stark raving tin foil hat wearing money grabbing crank

...can it be determined how many politicians are sane and how many are conspiracy theorists ranting about elections stolen by either "The Russians" or "The Deep State," all while praising their presidential candidate's manliness and virtue at the same time they attack the opposing party as the country's main source of political corruption and elitism.

Common answers are 51 sane Republirats and 49 crazy Dumblicans, or a 50-50 split between the two.

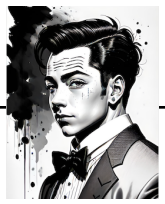
The actual answer is:
only one-sane politician (Bernie Sanders)

Just remember the wise words of Confucius:
"每天一个甜甜圈，医生远离我。" 特别是如果医生对喷洒过敏。

I am not a robot, but my dance moves might suggest otherwise.

The most widely spoken language in the world is gibberish.

Oh how they mocked when I chose to major in philosophy. But who's laughing now? Probably still them, but in a more existential way.



FASHION TIPS FOR THE MODERN MAN

Deciphering modern fashion for men is like trying to figure out why we still wear belts when our pants are so stretchy! But fear not, my dear gentlemen, for I have the perfect solution – the 'dad bod' is in! That's right, embrace your love for snacks and comfort, and you'll be the trendiest man around. Pair your baggy jeans with a sarcastic graphic tee, and don't forget the classic 'dad hat' to top it all off. It's the perfect blend of laziness and irony – a fashion statement that says, 'I could dress better, but I choose not to.'

But being trendy in person is not enough, no no!
One must accommodate social media, that wretched beast of our time!
The modern man navigates the treacherous waters of hashtags and followers, for his worth is now measured in likes and retweets. In this digital age, the key to a successful life lies not in the acquisition of wealth or power but in the mastery of the selfie. Remember, it's not enough to strike a pose and capture your best angle; one must also apply the right filter to achieve an ethereal glow, transforming oneself into a veritable digital deity.

Remember, fashion may change, but the dad bod is forever!

This Weekend's Chicagoland Weather!

The sun, if it dares to show its face, will do so begrudgingly, casting feeble rays that offer no solace.

Friday

Wildfire Smoke All Day

Temperatures- mere numerical illusions- will fluctuate between extremes, mocking our feeble attempts to find comfort.

Saturday

Storms & Hail at 7am

The winds, my friends, they will howl like the tormented souls of the damned!

Sunday

Noon Shadows & Fog

The sky will remain an enigma, teasing us with fleeting moments of hope, only to plunge us back into the abyss of uncertainty.

Greetings, mortal being! I am Cthulhu, the Great Dreamer and ancient entity of cosmic power. Though I dwell in the realms beyond your comprehension, I shall grace you with my financial wisdom on the matters you seek. Behold, the counsel of Cthulhu:

Firstly, revel in the exquisite torture of budgeting! Instead of buying trendy clothes, embrace the timeless fashion of robes and sacrificial daggers.

Secondly, avoid frivolous spending. You don't need that fancy new car or the latest smartphone. Stick to the essentials and only spend money on things that are truly necessary. After all, you never know when the end of the world will come and render all your material possessions useless.

Thirdly, cut back on eating out and cook at home instead. Not only is it cheaper, but it's also a great way to practice your culinary skills and impress your fellow cultists with your cooking prowess. Skip the fancy restaurants and feast on the souls of the damned.

Fourthly, consider carpooling or taking public transportation, forsaking the solitary drive. Not merely to economize on the loathsome gas, but to appease the Ancient Ones and shrink thine carbon footprint that stretches beyond the veil of reality.

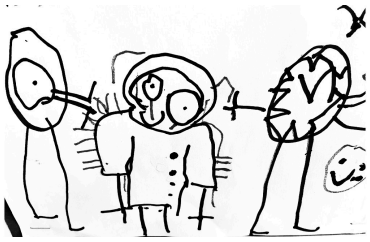
Fifthly, make sure to always compare prices and shop around for the best deals. Whether 'tis mere groceries or mundane household items, or even those ghastly sacrifices intended for the Great Old Ones, permit not thyself to be deceived.

Finally, embrace the power of tax-advantaged savings! Like the tentacles that extend through the darkness, tax-advantaged savings vehicles possess the potential to enhance your wealth over time. Channel your funds into Roth IRAs, SEP IRAs, and 529 accounts. These vessels offer a haven where your wealth may grow, shielded from the clutches of excessive taxation.

Now go forth and save some money before the earth is aflame in a mighty conflagration of ecstasy and freedom!

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn!

The Sub's Way



In my 3 decades working as a substitute teacher, I am often asked "how long have you been doing this," or "you mean you actually have a credential," or "do you have a real job?" Well, the secret to my professional longevity has been a set of mindful daily affirmations which I have listed for you here:

1. I will be courageous and stand up for myself, even when I'm being bullied by the class clown.

2. I will succeed today, even if it means bribing them with candy or threatening to take away recess.

3. My mind is resilient. I will not develop a functional neurological disorder.

4. It's okay if the students don't listen to me. They probably weren't listening to the regular teacher either.

5. Monist philosophy and quantum physics all agree that time is relative. Which means that the last hour of the school day is actually 3 years long.

6. My only job is to keep them alive until the bell rings. Then I can get out of here.

7. I choose only kind words for these little monsters

8. Boy, the job market has really changed since I started teaching.

9.. Hey! What is that first grader doing with my phone?

10. I will succeed today in not losing my mind. Because sometimes that's the only definition of success you can hope for.

11. My potential to succeed is limitless, but today I'm also going to call in sick like all those regular teachers and take a day off. Those kids will survive without me... probably.

12. Why isn't there any parking?' Seriously, can someone explain to me why every school in Chicago has a parking lot the size of a postage stamp?

I believe in the profound belief that believing in something, even if it's just the belief that belief itself is worth believing, is unbelievable.

Always be a first-rate version of yourself. Unless you're a clone, in which case you're already a second-rate version of somebody else. But if you're not a clone, just be yourself. Unless you're a terrible person. Then please don't be yourself

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Life gets better with age, just like a fine wine… but unfortunately, I seem to be aging more like whatever that moldy stuff was in the back of the refrigerator.

Karate is a great way to defend yourself, unless your opponent knows karate too. Then it just turns into an awkward dance–off.

The elusive power of procrastination is so strong, it could unite the world... if only we could get around to it.

Elon Musk's brain chip firm got US approval? I'm just hoping they have an “edit” feature, unlike Twitter.

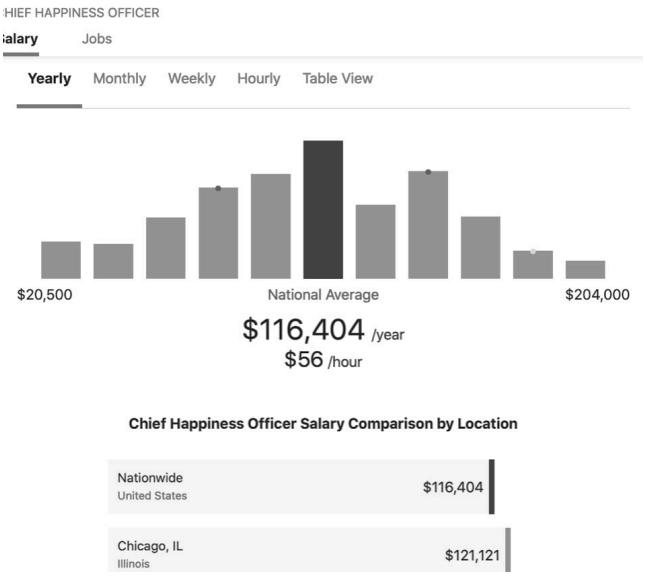
Can it be true that cats have 9 lives? Did you ever stop to think that maybe they're just really good at faking their own deaths? Perhaps they're in cahoots with the veterinarian industry, trying to scam us out of our hard-earned cash!!!

Beware of 'self-help' gurus who promise to make you an overnight success. I followed their advice, and now I'm just a well-rested failure.

How to get rich quick?
I don't know, but if you figure it out, let me know. I've been trying to not get poor slowly for years.

Have you ever noticed that the more alarms you set in the morning, the better you become at hitting the snooze button in your sleep?

My resumé states that I'm 'fluent in sarcasm.' Turns out, that's a highly sought-after language in the workplace.



What's keeping me up at night? The mind-boggling fact that the snooze button on my alarm clock doesn't actually add more sleep.

Did you know that every time someone says 'I'll be there in a minute,' a clock somewhere lets out a tiny sob?

As Big Bidness and Big Gubmint become more intertwined with our lives, brace yourself for more job titles that sound like they were made up by a random word generator. Who wouldn't want to be a 'Chief Happiness Officer'?

I did! My job was to make everyone forget they're stuck in cubicles and staring at screens. I was fired when the company realized my attempts at cheerfulness were just making people question their life choices.

I tried disc golf once. It was like regular golf, but instead of clubs and balls, you use frisbees. Which, if you ask me, makes it a lot more fun. But the downside is, instead of yelling "fore!" you have to yell “Every one of you listening to my voice, tell the world, tell this to everybody wherever they are. Watch the skies. Everywhere. Keep looking. Keep watching the skies!”

What do you call it when a politician loses an election and blames it on aliens?
“A close encounter of the third-party kind!”

I dreamt I was writing a story but couldn't come up with a good ending, so I finished with the phrase "and then I woke up.”

My retirement plan?
It's like a golden parachute... well, really more like a silver parachute.
Actually, maybe it's more like a bronze parachute.
Eh, who am I kidding?
It's more like a deflated pool floatie!
Now some people invested in stocks and bonds. Me? I'm thinking about selling some of my organs. They say the black market has a high return rate!

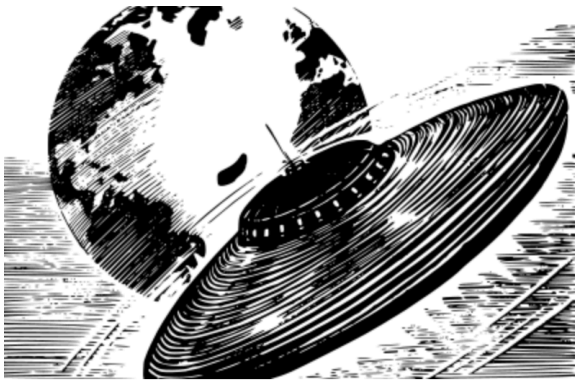
Do you guys like pondering the mysteries of the universe? I once spent an hour wondering if there's a parallel universe where parallel universes don't exist. It's like an infinite loop of confusion.

I used to have big dreams and high expectations, but now that I'm in my sixties, I've realize that just living is enough for me. I mean, a good day is any day when I can remember where I put my glasses, or that other thing.

A doughnut a day keeps the doctor away. Especially if the doctor is allergic to sprinkles.

Ask your doctor if taking life too seriously is right for you

A Shocking Groove



The agents, Cully and Wolff, their dark suits perfectly tailored for the shadows, were primed to make their way back to the nation's capital. They had been knee-deep in sifting through the murky waters of another mass hysteria investigation that had the feds once again chasing elusive unidentified flying objects.

It seemed like ancient history, but for two decades the brass at the U.S. Air Force had been consumed by UFO sightings, chewing on the notion of these aerial enigmas posed a threat. The grand Project Blue Book, launched in '52 and extinguished in '69, had amounted to almost nothing.

But as the best minds the government could find peered into the void of the unknown, practically no concrete evidence pointing to little green men zooming around in flying saucers was ever found…

…except for reports in Detroit, a city known for automotive marvels and now, for UFO sightings that could be traced back to April Fool's Day in '77, but instead of vanishing like a puff of smoke, the reports kept right on trucking. Radar blips and airline buzz all pointing to a UFO parade, six nights a week no less, with an extraterrestrial orchestra playing a nightly symphony.

Wolff and Cully concurred that these UFOs were merely the byproduct of a mild form of mass hysteria, a collective hallucination of an anxious public.

"In Detroit," Cully said, taking a puff off of his cigarette, "seems like folks are just mistaking everyday things for cosmic curiosities. Clouds, planes, street lamps…"

"Exactly," Wolff replied, "Your typical terrestrial case of mistaken identity."

"But here we are," complained Cully, "more than ten years after Blue Book, and those sightings are sprouting up like dandelions in the Detroit area. Must be something in the water."

Wolff sighed. “The water at least is OK. Probably those Spielberg and Star War films sticking images in the collective unconscious.” He scratched his head. “Still, it’s odd that most of the reports around here happened around 10:00, except on Sundays.”

Cully agreed. “Yeah it’s 10:00 now. Keep watching the skies!” He flicked his cigarette butt into the the gutter.

They hopped into their unremarkable rental car and prepared for the red-eye return to the nation's capital. Wolff let out another weary sigh, pondering the enigmatic nature of advanced aliens capable of interstellar travel.

"Ya know, Cully," Wolff smirked, "If these extraterrestrials are really as advanced as we think, they've probably mastered the art of hiding. Odds are, we won't be catching them anytime soon. Still makes me wonder why they would want to keep landing in Detroit.”

“Maybe they like urban decay, the landscape at night could remind them of home.” Cully fiddled with the car's radio, hoping for a mundane traffic update, but fate had other plans. The dial landed on WGPR (107.5).
The radio waves trembled, the airwaves swirling like the fog over a noir city. It sounded as if the station was playing an R&B/ Urban progressive dramatization of “Close Encounters of the Third Kind," only with more cosmic chutzpah. “Well, this is something you don't see—or hear—every day," Agent Cully remarked, his eyes fixed on the radio dial.

Suddenly a voice echoed over the dissonance.

"Greetings, Earthlings of the privileged generation! A century ago, your ancestors wondered what the future would hold in the grand year of 1981," the voice echoed with a hint of mischief.

"What the Hell?" Cully exclaimed, bewildered by this celestial discourse.

"Viba rhythm could no longer be felt by man-child," Mojo began, his voice taking on an almost poetic quality. "Universal imbalance had threatened to spread to distant galaxies…"

Wolff laughed. "How many people listen to this? There's gotta be at least one in a million who would take this seriously. We might have our explanation of the flying saucer reports after all."

The voice on the radio continued to boom through the cacophony. "From another time, another galaxy, another solar system."

Cully chuckled, but then added, "We still need to make sure. I don't think the air traffic controllers and pilots listen to our spaceman here. Let's get the new and improved gadget."

"…there is NO reason to change stations, insert 8-track tapes, or even entertain your own programming…"

They pulled into the parking lot of a 24 hour coney island hot dog joint, then opened the trunk to dig out the latest contraption R&D had spent $6 million on developing. The experimental Q clearance device blinked with excitement, as if sensing the cosmic conundrum. Wolff's jaw dropped. "I haven't seen readings like that since the "Grand Rapids Swamp Gas Incident" back in '66!"

Cully muttered, "Gerald Ford's still wringing his hands about that one."

The duo rushed into the diner, whose radio was playing the same WGPR broadcast. The agents flashed their badges and asked to use the phone.

A quick phone call to Langley, then to information, and they had the address.

Meanwhile, the radio chatter continued in the background, blending with terrestrial tunes from the B-52's and Kraftwerk.

"Chili dog?" asked the Arab-American proprietor, hoping to serve up some cosmic cuisine to the funky soundtrack.

"Sure," Wolff quipped, "Make me one with everything. To go."

Cully looked at the chili dog, smothered in onions and mustard. "Well, at least if the car runs out of gas, we'll have a backup source."

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Agents Cully and Wolff stood outside the radio station control booth feeling like they'd stumbled into a bizarre episode of "The Twilight Zone" meets "Soul Train." "Huh. Seems bigger on the inside," mused Agent Wolff.

Mojo, the DJ shrouded in shadows, seemed more like a character from a sci-fi pulp magazine than a real person. In their honor, he placed the first side of Jimi Hendrix's *Axis: Bold as Love* on the turntable, allowing enough time for their interview.

"So let me get this straight," Agent Wolff said, trying to keep a straight face. "You're from another galaxy, and you came to Earth via the airwaves of this radio station?"

"That's right, my earthling friends," Mojo replied with a dramatic flourish. "The cosmic emperor tasked me and the mothership with restoring viba rhythm to the galaxy and bringing peace of mind to the man-child."

Cully, struggling to channel his inner Jack Webb, asked, "Man-child? Are we talking about adults here, or is this some kind of intergalactic daycare mission?"

"For the next 15 years, I will subtly break down cultural barriers inside your developing global village. Promote people power. Expose the artificial nature of black-white issues. Help individuals determine for themselves what gender and race means to them and how to live it," Mojo said, his voice carrying an air of authority.

"Ear worms and subliminal messaging," Mojo continued."Perhaps even enough to reshape nations before my mission ends. Break up the Soviet Union. End South African Apartheid. Influence China to engage in trade before I depart at the end of my mission." The DJ popped in a cartridge labeled "Funky President-James Brown."

"The Soviet Union has been around for a while, buddy, and the racist regime in South Africa has a lot of wealth and connections, sad to say," Wolff retorted.

"The power of funk knows no bounds. It can unite people across borders and even reach out to distant galaxies. Plus, it's a great beat for dancing!"

"We'll file a report," Cully said finally. "Even if it's just for the record."

Mojo laughed, a sound that seemed to blend with the music around them. "By all means, my friends. But remember, truth often hides in plain sight, waiting to be discovered by those who dare to see beyond the surface."

Cully looked at the clock. There was still time to catch the red eye at Detroit Metro if they hurried.

+ + +

In the years that followed, as they returned to their routine investigations, Wolff and Cully couldn't shake the memory of Mojo's cosmic mission, but later realized that neither one could actually remember seeing what Mojo looked like, just a silhouette in a control room. And as they witnessed the world changing in unexpected ways, they couldn't help but wonder if there was more to the hip hop DJ than they had ever imagined. Mojo had said his mission would end in the mid 1990s, but Cully was confident progress would continue after then. The 21st Century was going to be the American Century, the most prosperous and trouble free in the nation's history!

But the strangest development afterwards was, when either agent found themselves staying up past midnight, they developed an out of character craving for the sounds of Parliament-Funkadelic and Bootsy Collins.

MINDFUL MADNESS MUSINGS FOR THE SENSITIVE NEW AGE GUY

Dudes, imagine this—it's 1969 and I'm a young cosmic stardust speck, jamming to the 5th Dimension's "Age of Aquarius/Let The Sunshine" on my groovy transistor radio. And suddenly, it's like the universe's funky frequencies hit me, man! I'm transported to this cosmic dance floor of hope and love, feeling like I'm surfing a psychedelic wave of the future!

I'm like, "Whoa, this is it! The Age of Aquarius! The world is entering a utopian age, all peace signs and free love vibes!" And I can't help but envision a glorious future, where the living is easy and everyone's doing the cosmic cha-cha dressed in bell bottoms and tie-dye tees.

Fast-forward 5 decades, and I'm all grown up, still feeling that cosmic connection. It should be any day now! So I decide to google it, and what do I find? Astrologers say the "Age of Aquarius" isn't really happening until the 27th century! Bummer, man! That's like waiting for the ultimate Neo Futurist Woodstock festival lineup, but it's 700 years away! Talk about long-term cosmic planning!

But don't let that bring you down! After considerable thought, I realized that I have been over-overthinking. So now I'm just underthinking, and that's a whole new level of confusion. Embrace your inner cosmic boogie, and keep grooving to the 5th Dimension's "Age of Aquarius/Let the Sunshine Medley!" Who knows, maybe in the 27th century, your great-great-great-great-great-grand-non-binary descendent will finally catch that interstellar utopian Aquarian wave and have a blast!

The *NEW* New Age!

My years of studying spiritual philosophy have revealed that there are no coincidences (unless you find your keys in the cushions... that's just the universe playing hide and seek).

Before we incarnated on Earth, we selected our parents, siblings, location, childhood friends, etc. But did anyone bother to read the terms and conditions? I think I missed that section!

Recovering from the trauma of past lives is like attending an otherworldly therapy session, where your past selves blame each other for all their mistakes. It's like a cosmic blame game with past-life therapists.

I missed so many opportunities in life that I started a support group. Sadly, no one showed up.

I just got out of my 12-step program, and boy, are my legs tired!

Organic greens, fiber, magnesium, and probiotics: the Four Horsemen of the Crapocalypse for anyone who enjoys a good cheeseburger and fries.

My participation trophy reminds me that even in mediocrity, I am a shining star among a sea of participation

Spending more money on healthcare and defense than any other wealthy nation: America's way of saying, "We'll protect you from enemies abroad while bankrupting you at home."

Annoying Anagrams

I'll vote early = love it, really

Our two-party system = yo, trusty tapeworms

The incumbents are alarmed = retire and manacle the bums

Trump Kanye vs Biden Harris =A Bad Tinkerers Nymph Virus.

Your Fabulous Future!!!

In the fabulous future, sexbots will get fed up with humans and start dating each other, and we'll all just be watching from a distance on our phones.

In this brave new world, we'll have genetically modified pets - imagine a dog that never sheds or a cat that actually likes you. Now that's progress!

Your fabulous future awaits, but there will be no rocket cars or jet packs… just a scooter with a little rocket booster. Keep a look out for potholes!

In your fabulous future, unaffordable healthcare plans will be replaced with magical healing potions, but they'll still be unaffordable.

The **search for extraterrestrial intelligence** (**SETI**) project will reveal life elsewhere in the universe exists when new satellite technology receives a message from intergalactic telemarketers.

In the future, Microsoft will develop an operating system so advanced, it'll apologize to you before crashing and losing your data.

Aliens will visit, and the first thing they'll say is, 'Take me to your crotchety old zine editor."

My dear fellows, the laws of physics are merely suggestions. I prefer to live my life by the laws of aesthetics.

I once saw a drug warning label that said 'May cause drowsiness.' Well, I don't need drugs for that—I achieve drowsiness all day at work just fine on my own!

Never underestimate the power of a good hat. It can transform you from an ordinary person into a dandy, or a magician, or both.

Acknowledgements

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